

to at least one slave, literally taking off his shackles. The darkies

SEEMED AMAZED to see Lincoln soldiers, of whom they had heard the most frightful stories.

We had little time to contemplate the destruction we had caused, for we were to overtake the main column, and a hard day's march was before us. In fact, we did not bivouac until 3 o'clock the next morning, 10 miles south of Louisville, having traveled nearly 60 miles. What added most to the burden of the day was the crossing of a big swamp, five or six miles in width, caused by the high water in the Big Black. The water in places came up to the horses' sides. The ammunition for the artillery had to be taken from the caissons and carried over on horseback. One of the wheels of a gun-carriage broke down, but a buggy-wheel was substituted in its place.

No one south of the swamp ever dreamed of seeing Yankee soldiers. So the word went along the column that we were to assume to the citizens that we were Confederates.

Passing a schoolhouse, the children hurried for us, and said, "You won't let the Yankees come down here, will you?" Many good jokes we had at their expense.

Small squads going out to houses away from the road were

HOSPITALLY ENTERTAINED by the ladies, who thought they were contributing to the comfort of their friends. Just imagine how those sweet smiles must have turned to disgust when they found out they had been giving their choicest dainties to the live Yanks.

A mail-pouch captured from its carrier gave interesting and some important reading. It was interesting to read some of the rebels' own accounts of the Yankees. The description of their domestic condition was sometimes pathetic, and they told how they were managing to get along by their own hands, their slaves all having fled to the Yankee lines. The following are said to have been the closing lines of a letter from a Southern girl:

"It's hard for you to live in camps. It's hard for you to fight the Yanks. It's hard for you and we to part. For you know that you're women hearts."

Early this day or on the night, previous Co. B of the 7th Ill., with 35 men, was asked to make a demonstration against the Mobile Railroad near Meridian.

The task was herculean, the number to do it a handful; but Capt. Forbes and his men were undaunted. It implied an extra march of more than 50 miles added to the long distances the main column was making. Taking an easterly direction they approached the town of Enterprise. The rebel guard halted them, but Co. B

RAISED A FLAG OF TRUCE, and demanded the surrender of the town. They had previously sent some men to cut the telegraph wires to add to the embarrassment of the defenders of the town. Co. B was advised that 2,000 soldiers were near at hand to defend the town.

The Confederates wanted an armistice of two hours to consider—two hours to consider whether 2,000 should surrender to 35. Capt. Forbes reluctantly granted their request, and said that during the cessation of hostilities he would retire to his reserve. They did not suppose that his reserve was nearly 100 miles from him. Capt. Forbes never went to receive the surrender of the place, but made the best of his time to rejoin us; but he had, after waiting for his return 20 hours, and three days having elapsed since his departure, given him up for lost. We began to burn the bridges in our rear to keep back a small force that was following and worrying us.

Co. B came upon this small force, taking them by surprise, and made all prisoners. They supposed all the Yankees had passed. Our abandoned company were obliged to swim the streams in order to get along.

One night, just as we were crossing a long bridge, a courier came up with his horse in a lather, requesting us not to destroy any more bridges until they had time to overtake us. Our lost company had returned all right. They had captured the company that had been hanging upon our rear. Had we destroyed this bridge it would

HAVE CUT THEM OFF FROM US, as there was a long trestle over a bog before reaching the stream itself, of no inconsiderable size.

The column halted, all except the 2d battalion of the 7th. These four companies, my own in the lead, pushed forward all night to secure the crossing over Pearl River.

Meantime Co. B overtook the rear of the column, and afterward had "Enterprise" inscribed upon their banner. The Jackson Appeal had an article the next day stating that 1,500 Yankees had demanded the surrender of Enterprise. The 35 men of Co. B had grown to 1,500. Do you wonder, counting in this way, that the South should boast that one Southern could whip five Yankees?

I must go back a day or two, for important events transpired while Co. B was going through this little independent side campaign.

After crossing the long swamp (which was on the day Co. B left the command) we approached the railroad running east from Jackson to Meridian. The command halted an hour or two to feed and rest, and then started, at 10 o'clock at night, determined to get possession of the railroad before the citizens were aware of our approach. In this we were

ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL.

The 1st battalion, in advance, secured the possession of the town before the alarm was given. Two trains from opposite directions came puffing in. The first, a freight-train of 25 cars, was loaded mostly with bridge timber, or something of the kind. The other was a passenger and freight mixed. Four cars were loaded with ammunition and Quarter-

master stores. The first was side-tracked. The soldiers kept out of sight until the train was fairly in, and then "covered" the engineer.

This was all accomplished by the 1st battalion (the first four companies of the 7th) before the main column had arrived. Imagine our consternation when we were in the rear, still some distance from the town, heard a terrible cannonading as if the 1st battalion were being annihilated. Rushing forward to their support we found it was the explosion of shells from the burning cars.

On arriving we were detailed to assist in the destruction of the railroad. A trestle of considerable length first received our attention. It is hard work to destroy a railroad; at least, so we found it when we wanted to do it in a short time and without tools.

The big logs would not burn without other fuel, which was not at hand.

WE SCRIBBLED THROUGH the village and neighboring houses for axes, but chopping down trestle railroad is hard work, especially to those who do not know how to chop. Tired of this, we went out again and impressed the darkies into the service. Strange as it may seem, some of the citizens were fooled, even in the midst of this destruction. One young fellow of whom we obtained some axes said he would fight his boots off rather than let the Yankees come down here.

Some troopers proposed to man a train and take an excursion out on the road, but this was not allowed.

There was a military hospital at this place. The inmates, many of whom were convalescent, were sworn not to take up arms until regularly exchanged.

General destruction having been effected, the working parties on the railroad were called in, the guards around the citizens and passengers were taken off, leaving them to take care of themselves. The sentinels at the outskirts of town were withdrawn, and we fell into line and moved off to the south, perhaps 10 miles, and camped for the night at a large plantation.

The next day we rested, waiting for Co. B, moving 10 miles to westward. Danger was gathering around us, and Co. B was given up for lost. It was thought best to delay no longer, so we began to

PUSH FORWARD in good earnest, with the results I have already mentioned.

It was nearly daylight when we reached the Pearl River 15 miles below Jackson, then the headquarters of the army in defense of Vicksburg. The ferry-boat was on the opposite shore.

Col. Prince then halted to the ferryman, whom he gave to understand that a party in pursuit of conscripts for the Southern army were in a hurry to cross. The boat was brought over, and we were told to pass ourselves as Alabama cavalry. The ruse succeeded.

I crossed on the first boatload. Only 24 could cross at one time, and the proprietor of the ferry invited me to breakfast. He told how much he had already done for the Confederacy. He would be glad to feed the entire command, but it was impossible. He would provide for the officers. He set his cooks at work, and the boys were ready when the corn dodgers were baked to keep them from getting cold. To keep up the appearance of protecting him, a guard was placed over his stables and his doctor's office. He had some whisky there, and if the soldiers should take it, he could not replace it. When the guard was taken off his horses were taken off, too, and, I fear, his whisky. As he had been so generous in

HELPING THE SOUTHERN CAUSE, we thought it nothing more than fair that he should contribute to the Union cause also.

Tired and sleepy from riding all night, I lay down for a nap while the command were crossing. When I awoke I was alone; not a soul was to be seen. My horse was neighing for his companions and pawing to be released. My blankets, rubber and woolen, with which I was protected, were stolen from off me while asleep.

I did not fancy being alone in this country. Why had not my companions awakened me? Chagrined, half mad and considerably scared, I was not long in mounting my horse, which needed no spurs—seemed to bring out his best speed in overtaking the column. I don't fancy being rear-guard all by myself. You cannot form a good skirmish-line in case of attack, neither can you retreat by alternate lines.

Had the enemy by any means learned how valiant was the rear-guard? Not one of them appeared to molest. I know not what time it was when I awoke; but the command had arrived in Hazelhurst before I overtook the column.

On my way I heard heavy cannonading in front of me, which did not in the least tend to quiet my nerves. But I learned on reaching the station that it was the explosion of bombshells in a burning car, with which our men were celebrating the capture of Hazelhurst.

The 2d battalion learning the time at which the train was due at this place, had hastily left the ferry in hopes of capturing it, as at Newton Station; but although it was well planned, the train was half an hour late. Believing the railroad officials had become alarmed and kept back the train, the boys began to come out from their hiding, and the engineer, seeing a dozen bluecoats or more, reversed steam and escaped with his train.

We regretted it very much, as it was said afterward that eight millions of Confederate dollars were on board to supply the Confederate army in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Our command was pretty well supplied with Confederate money, as a tax collector, with a considerable amount of money, had been taken prisoner, and invited to deposit his collections with us. We used it to pay our campaign expenses.

(To be continued.)

THAT FACE IN THE GLASS.

He Solved the Mystery of the Old Manor House in Witches' Walk.

Blythehurst's busy tongues wagged an excited buzz of comments when it became known for a fact that the old manor house in Witches' Walk was taken.

The place had an eerie look and a reputation for being haunted.

The fact is, the old manor house had been the scene of a tragedy, in itself rather pathetic than horrible.

A fair girl had been stricken by lightning on her wedding eve. The stone had gathered so much moss as it rolled that the manor house in Witches' Walk now boasted a ghost in the likeness of the dead maiden, with magnified horrors of a kindred nature.

But the new tenants were not disturbed by the faint, far-off, dark whispers that reached their ears unheeded.

The new family consisted of Mr. Arthur Whitting, a humorous writer and something of a recluse—bachelor—and his spinster sister, Miss Florine, who kept house for her drowsy and unpractical brother.

That same determined lady was also in the habit of thrusting her brother out for a "constitutional" regularly after breakfast each morning, deaf to his meek entreaties that he might be allowed to "finish that chapter first."

And it was during one of these strolls that he was first awakened to the startling fact that his manor house was "haunted" by the following little occurrence: He passed a field and stumbled upon worthy Farmer Mayhew.

"You're from the old manor house, ain't you?" observed Mayhew, with a curious glance of his shrewd gray eyes from under the big brim of his sun hat.

Mr. Whitting replied that he was.

"Never see anything queer yet o' nights?" "Any o' her your pardon?" faltered Mr. Whitting, with a puzzled stare.

"Why, land alive! man, don't you know the place is haunted? Has been ever since a young girl—twin, she was, too, the Rector's daughter?"

"Have you clean forgotten that this is Halloween?" prattled Miss Florine, cheerily. "Why, Art! what a sleepy head you are growing to be, with your everlasting books and inkpots—in your old age, I was going to say, but 49 is young. I'm 55 myself, and see how I have to exert my faculties for us both!"

"You ought to be ashamed—we haven't missed keeping Halloween in at least 45 years—you haven't, that is. I've kept it ever since I could remember, and sit down, now, do close your eyes, and sit down and count your beads, by the fire, and drink the ale while it's warm. Goodnight, dear."

Mr. Whitting blew out his candle and pulled the curtains aside to let in the bright moonlight.

But the thick vine-tendrils outside, still loaded down with their luxurious leafage of crimson and freckled gold, barred the way, so that only a gleam of silvery light struggled through into the inner darkness.

There was a suspicious dimness in the glass as seen by the uncertain light, too, which suggested quite—the bachelor's pet abhorrence.

He drew a long track down the obsidian pane with his forefinger. Yes, the glass was thick with it.

He threw up the sash, and, penknife in hand, began to scrape the dirt. In 10 minutes' time not a single tendril remained clinging to the window, through which a flood of fairest moonlight poured, subdued a little by the thick veil of dust.

Suddenly, as he lingered there looking out upon the pleasant landscape, he was conscious of a faint, dim profile between himself and the outer world.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again intently. It was gone—no, the faintest shadow of a shape still remained, like a thought upon the air.

He snatched his flannel pen-wiper off the desk and hastily rubbed it over the dusty glass, that he might see more clearly. Then he quickly threw up the sash, and stepped out onto the little porch beneath.

He could have sworn that some one—a woman—stood there, her head bowed, turned toward him, stiff and immovable as a creature turned to stone.

He stepped off the low porch and moved softly round to the rear of the house. But only the cool night wind sighing a lonely melody to the crisped leaves was there. Not a moving thing in sight.

"Phew!" he muttered to himself, with an impatient laugh at his folly, "has the silly tale of the country turned my brain, too, I wonder?"

But soon that unpleasant consciousness of a mysterious presence intruded on the would-be sleeper again, this time strongly.

With a low exclamation of disgust at himself and everything in general, he raised himself upon his elbow and looked toward the window, with difficulty restraining a positive gasp as he did so, for, clear and before, it appeared again—a distinct face and figure, apparently standing just outside the window-pane, in a position sidewise to him.

Mr. Whitting could not have described it, so unreal was the experience, even while he gazed upon it. He leaned a little forward to see the eyes.

Were they open? Only on the faces of sleeping children was that expression of utter oblivion to be seen. This was not the face of a child, but that of a young maiden. He feeling that he could not have put in words swept over Mr. Whitting.

We have demonstrated that he was not a superstitious man; yet he actually shuddered, much to his disgust.

The next moment he had thrown the feeling off and bounded to the window, with his dressing gown on his shoulders, confident that, in his own words, "Some one of those fool idiots was playing a confounded Halloween joke on him because he had shown his contempt of their silly ghost rubbish."

The fact that the figure had mysteriously disappeared by the time he had reached the sash and thrown it up only strengthened this conviction and stirred up Mr. Whitting's latent fear, as he closed the window again and crept shivering back to bed; but not to lie down and slumber.

One to the window, the window showed him the still figure in its place again, distinct as ever.

"I'll see how long this thing will last," quoth Mr. Whitting, grimly, to himself.

"If she can stand it out there in the cold, with her feet on the floor, so can I stand it in here. We'll see who gives up first."

Fixing himself comfortably, Mr. Whitting gazed his wideawake eyes upon the serene profile and waited. Yet through the slow hours of the night that sphinx never moved.

The cheerful voice of a distant chanticleer ushered in the gray dawn; Luna's sickly pallor mingled with it, dissolved into it, yielded itself up to annihilation, and it was day.

For a brief half-hour Mr. Whitting yielded to tired nature's demands and dozed. When he awoke the first soft rays of the rising sun were streaming in. The mysterious profile at the window was gone.

Miss Florine laughed cheerfully when he related his experience, and declared it was the nuts and ale, and things. They had disturbed her own digestion, she admitted, but had not carried her the length of seeing ghosts.

Mr. Whitting was not convinced. It was the agent's business to protect his tenants from the evil eye, and he had decided, against Florine's discreet counsel, to complain to the agent, to protest, and otherwise vent his indignation.

The agent heard his story in silence.

Mr. Whitting had rented the manor house as the last occupants left it—furnished. The Rector, its owner, had placed it in the hands of an agent immediately after the sad accident that befell his daughter, and had taken the rest of his family abroad.

It had not occurred to Mr. Whitting that the next night was that deliciously horrible gala night of the spooks, Halloween.

Stephen quaked in his shoes as he lighted his master to the ground-floor chamber at 9 o'clock, and the latter turned a disapproving eye on his trembling hands as the spluttering candle he held quivered nervously, and the fellow stared superstitiously into the black gulf beyond the rays of light.

When he was alone he speedily lost himself in his book. The agent he had worked for was produced; or rather, would be produced when he stepped forth whole and sound from the "haunted" room the next morning, and the news should have gone abroad on Maria's languorous tongue that the quiet, unobtrusive, anything but "spooky," or even been disturbed by an unquiet dream.

Mr. Whitting's interest in the chamber, or the subject of which it was the keystone, did not extend beyond the impression he wished to make on his servants in thus sacrificing his comfort to destroy a popular bugaboo. He turned to his work with a sigh of relief, and speedily forgot his surroundings.

So absorbed was he that he did not hear Miss Whitting's low tap at the door until it was repeated more emphatically, and her voice said through the keyhole:

"Arthur, if you have not yet retired, open the door; I have something for you."

When he had obeyed he was confronted by his sister and a dainty tray of smoking purpurs, their playful faces turned to darkest tan, with the white foam of the roasted meat just showing here and there on their shining skins. A plate of baked chestnuts and jar of home-brewed ale completed the contents of that festive tray.

Mr. Whitting opened his eyes in astonishment. There was but one night in all the year when he was wont to indulge in a midnight feast, and that particular night was observed as religiously by the brother and sister of though it had been the festival of some saint.

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GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

THE WORLD FAMED LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG REMEDY. WHAT AILS YOU?

Are You Sick?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, fullness or bloating after eating, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, frequent indigestion, and a general feeling of nervous prostration and drowsiness after meals?

If you have any considerable number of these symptoms you are suffering from the disease of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Indigestion. The more complicated your disease the greater the number of symptoms.

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It cures, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in, and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

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